

# CERTAIN Selected Histories for chri- stian Recreations vwith their seuerall Moraliza- tions.

Brought into Englishe verse, and are to  
be song with seuerall notes: Compo-  
sed by Richard Robinson Citi-  
zen of London.

Tempestue, Intempestue.

Vigilate, Orate & Laudate Dominum,  
Quia solus ille salus hominum.

Recordare, & Redde.

Simplicitate, & Sinceritate.

Imprinted at London for Henry Kirkha,  
and are to be solde at the little North  
doore of S. Paules, at the signe  
of the blacke Boye.



R. Robinson's Certain Selected Histories for Christian Recreations. 8° H. Kirkham s.a.-Dedication 1576.

I have never heard of any other copy of this book. it consists of 20 leaves, but is imperfect at the end. it was purchased from Smith's catalogue at Glasgow.

Ritson Bib: Poet: p.313, says "it was never printed & it is not known whether it was prose or verse".

Douce supposes erroneously that the Title of this book might have been intended once by the author for a Title to his translation of the Gesta Romanorum published by him in 1601. 2. Douce. Illust: II. 425.

Harton Hist: Eng: Po: Ill. 390.

J. E. Brydges Brit: Bib: I. 109.

Robinson Richard ~~of Boston~~

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interpretación de los

decretos de la Corte

de Justicia.

en el que se establece que el

decreto de la Corte

To the worshipfull maister  
Symon Roo, nowe Maister of the  
worshipful Companie of Lethersellers in Lon-  
don, and to the Wardens and whole fellowship of  
the same, Richard Robinson Citizen and  
Freeman of the same Companie,  
wishes the abundance of  
Gods euerlastynge  
Grace.



Ecognisynge my  
self in sonderie  
vvise a debtor  
(right worsh-  
ipfull) amon-  
gest other consi-  
derations, I am  
moued to remeber my duetie to vvar-  
des the good expectations of youre  
worthinesse, vvhiche I haue longe  
tyme vISHED that God vwould ena-  
ble me any maner of vvaie, to testifie  
a.it. my

# The Epistle

my good vwill to vvardes you. Albeeit  
vwantyng hetherto that vvhiche  
might best behoue me to bring for your  
better contention. I haue thought it of  
good as tyme now serueth, to present as  
you vwith such simple trauell, as my re-  
barren industrie could yelde in lieu of be-  
learned and large lucubrations, an ho-  
unlearned and little peece of labour. so  
for the accomplisshyng of parte of my no-  
duetie, beyng a small pamphlet, vvhiche  
I haue entituled Certaine select Hi-  
stories, for Christian Recreation, now  
onely seruyng for the vsuall feaste of  
Christmas, beeit at this tyme celebra-  
ted, but also necessarie to be vsed for hy-  
decent Recreation at all other tymes v-  
conuenient. Every historie beyng com-  
posed into seuerall verse, vwith th glo-

# Dedicatorie.

glose or Moralization thereof aptly applied, and their apte tunes for their use to be songe, vwith the argumente of euery Historie prefixed, vvhiche as I confesse, is but of small value, to responde vwith your expectations, yet herein as I am to craue pardon for my boldnesse, in dedicating the same unto you, I haue good hope that you vvil not all together reiecte my good vwill, vwith the simplenesse of the vvoorke: But deme the beste of me, As one that woulde bee glad, in any greater matter to satisfie your vorthie good willes at all tymes. And thus besyng youre vvorshippes, to beare vwith this my poore beginnyng, f surcease to trouble you any further. Restyng you in the tuitiō and gouernance

The Epistle  
naunce of the almighty . From my  
Chamber on the South-west side of  
the Cathedrall Churche of S.  
Paule in London, This  
xxi. daie of De-  
cember.

M.D.lxxvi.

Your vvorships poore brother  
and faithfull oratour in Christ  
Richard Robinson,



# Certaine selected Histories for Christian Recreation.

## The argument.

Christe beyng borne, the Angelles reueile the same with glad tidinges vnto the poore shepherdes. The starre seen in the Easte. The Sages repare with their presentes to doe homage vnto the Sauiour of the worlde.

To the tune of *La bonetta*.

If Angels voice, did first reioyse  
*In spiritus concordia:*

To shepherdes poore, singing e-  
*Deo in excelsis gloria.* (uermore  
Christ God & man, eche christia-

Of due, muche more this daie,  
Dught dedicate, in blissfull state,  
Thy birthe with glozie aie.

If wisemen three, brought presentes free  
Their truelone also to declare:  
The first brought golde, the second was bold,  
With Mirth hym to prepare.  
The thirde Infence, with full pretence,  
Thei mekely offred thus all three,  
Christe God and man, to worship than,  
In Bethleem borne truly.

The Moralization.

A.j.

Of

*Certaine select historien*

**O**f these giftes thus, we maie discusse,  
Askilfull writers duely scan:  
Golde first of all, Treasure to call,  
Of wisedome in Christe tokenyng than.  
Mirrhe doeth include, a harte induce,  
With true repentaunce aye.  
Inſence eke tells, deuotion dwelles,  
In mynde with stedfast staye.  
In token true, of honour due,  
Their Sauiour Christe chefe Kyng vnto,  
These giftes gave thei, whereby we maie,  
Our Christian dertie shewe.  
This solempne feaſt, let every geaſt,  
Bide in Christes faith and feare:  
To Christes bith, newe men forthwith,  
In loue and life appear.  
Golde, Mirrhe, Inſence, from conſcience,  
Of synne and vice, bare and deuoyde,  
To Christ our Kyng, thus for to bryng,  
Let our care alwaies be emploide.  
Let faith stedfaſte, man whiche thou haſte  
Received by Baptisme,  
In promise made, neuer to fade,  
As golde giue this to hym.  
Let hope of heale, in vs preuaile,  
By Christe whiche hym in name profesſe.

for Christian Recreation.

c, That he maie haue, our soules to saue,  
This Mirrhe givē more and lesse.  
Let loue likewise, our due comprise,  
Bothe towardes God, and also man:  
To Christe Iesus, we rightly thus,  
Doe bryng our Insence than.

Bis.

With one cleare voyce, thus to teioyce,  
In Chistes birthe then doe all wee,  
That beare Christes name, practise the same,  
Henceforthe perpetually.  
And let vs praiē, in faithe alwaie,  
That Christe our Sauiour,  
His Churche our Queene, & realme frō tene  
Preserue maie euermore.

Finis.

The argument.

Mannes praier is a melodie to God, whiche al-  
though it baue some good successe in the  
worlde, yet there is now and then a whiste-  
lyng charmer stirred vp to bereue and spoyle  
vs of this enjoyed felicitie.

To the tune of *La bande la shaft.*

Ehouah bouche thy ioyfull spirite,  
Eche Christian harte to ioye this daie,  
As by a Starre thou didst vizite,  
A.ii. Kynge

Certaine select histories

Rynges in the Casse them to displaie,  
The birthe of Christe at Bethleem,  
A Sauiour unto mortall men.  
Minerua and you Muses myne,  
Assist me with your sacred aide:  
Some solempne song to frame with tyme,  
From ioyfull harte to be conuaide,  
With thankfull voyce to celebrate,  
Christes birthe now to commemostrate.

Tiberius Emperour once did raigne,  
In Musick muche delighted he:  
Who hantynge on a tyme certaine,  
Did heare a noyse of melodie.  
A Harper twas harde by did plaine,  
Wherat this prynce amasde did staie.  
And tournes his horse unto that place,  
Approchynge nere a riuier long:  
He did discrie wher then there was,  
The Musician plaiyng his Harpe upon,  
The tenour of whose song was this,  
Mans praier to God a melodie is.

The Emperour ioyfull this to heare,  
Demaundered the Musician tho,  
Why he so pleasantly plaied there,  
My Lorde saith he that will I shewe,

The

for Christian Recration.

These thirtie yeres and vpwards I,  
Haue vsed here this harmonie.

Suche grace and vertue in my noyse,  
The Goddes by fate haue graunted me:  
That fishes from this riuier reioyse,  
To come to hande and taken bee,  
So that relieue I did with all,  
My self, my wife, and children small.

But out alacke this Harper saies,  
Good sir it hath chaunste contrary:  
Unto my mynde within fewe daies,  
A charmer came whiche chearfully,  
On the further bancke did whistle so,  
That he hath fecht the fishe me fro.

And therefore gracious Lord saith he,  
As you are potent Emperour,  
And sole prince of this Imperie,  
I humblie craue your good succour,  
For to expell and banishe hence,  
The charmer and his euill pretence.

Tiberius courteous aunswere gaie,  
Frende by no meanes but one I maie:  
Thy case redresse, a hooke I haue,  
Of golde within this Casket gaie,  
Delde here of me the same doe take,

Certain select histories

And to this rodde with baite faste make,  
Then vse the sleight that longs thereto,  
On warblyng Harpe to plaine adrest,  
The fishes friskynge to and fro,  
Upon the baite them selues will rest.  
And when thou feelest them feede on faste,  
Drawe vp the fishe on lande them caste.  
  
So shalt thou hereby frustrate quite,  
This subtil charmer of his pрайe,  
If thou demainest thee thus a right,  
Confused he shall walke his waie,  
The Harper did this hest fulfill,  
And fecht vp fishe cuen at his will,  
  
A meauyng hereof Morall wise,  
My muse in modest maner shewe,  
Who this *Tiberius* Emperour is,  
The Riuier and Harper also.  
With Fishe and Charmer who thei be,  
Distrubed in auncient historic.

The Moralization.

**C**hriste to *Tiberius* is comparde,  
Which loueth to heare the melody  
Of praier vnto hym prefarde,  
And doeth delite honyng to bee.  
To sauе the soule by Sathan sought,

for Christian Retraction.

His spoyle to make and bryng to nought:

This Riuier with the Fishe therein,  
Resembled are the Worlde vnto,  
And people fraught with odious synne,  
The poore man plaiyng there also,  
che Preacher is with sacred lore,  
That drawes vp fishe to heauenly shore.

ut then a Charmer steppeth there,  
The Preachers harpe which doth disturbe  
n triple trade doeth he appere,  
To caste the soules in slepe absurde,  
nd whom to sleepe he can not win,  
As Ianglers vaine he hems them in.

nd if he make no Ianglers vaine,  
Enuie in hym yet vigor hath,  
o lure these soules for to abstaine,  
And quite forsake the perfecte path,  
hat either thei become abieste,  
Or neuuer the wiser in effecte.

Wherefore needes must the golden hooke,  
Bee had of euery Preacher here,  
od for Goddes deuine grace must thei looke,  
That thei maie fishe in faithe and feare,  
uchc comfortable noyse to make,  
Bothe Charmer and the fishe to take.

*Certain select histories*

Where sith in faithe we Christe professe,  
God graunt we thereof frutes maie giue,  
With praier to hym and never cease,  
Elizabeth our Queene long liue,  
Vs to protecte by grace deuine,  
And gaine celestiall ioyes in fine.

*Finis.*

*The Argument.*

¶ Amongst the children of this worlde , all are  
not of one seede and generation, and there-  
fore putting apart the bondwoman and her  
children , from the freewoman and her issue,  
thei are to be reputed accordyngly.

*To the tune of Sondai Mornynge.*

**A**pollo with thy sacred lore,  
My slender skill and penne direct,  
The birthe of Christe still to adore:  
With solempne sacred songe select,  
Dame Pallas with thy Nymphes be prest,  
To further this my thirde requeste.  
A noble kyng sometymes did raigne,  
With witte and wealth, endued was he:  
A Queene he had, with whom certaine,  
He liude a tyme, though vicious shee.  
Three sonnes by straunge seede procreate,  
Digressing had, base borne by kynde,

*D:*

for Christian Recration.

On her the fourth sonne he begate,  
Moze greater comfort to his mynde.

It chaunced that when Atrapos,  
Of satall life bereft this Kyng:  
The Queene with her sonnes did dispose,  
The funeralles accomplislyng.

In yearth with pompe the corps to laye,  
With stately tombe eushynge for aye.

Whiche doen beholde within shor space,  
These sonnes emong them did contende:  
Who shold succede in fathers place,  
In fine yet did thei condiscende.

Unto an auncient knight to goe,  
Whiche Secretarie was of late:  
To the dead Kyng, and hym thei doe,  
Committ their case to arbitrate.

The knight when he with pacience heard,  
Them and their case considered well:  
To them he thus his mynde declared,  
My Lordes doe yelde to my councell.  
Our purpose then shall well proceed,  
This saied thei hereunto agreed.

By sentence so assigne you shall,  
The buried corps againe vp take:  
And that you grce emongst you all,

Certaine Select histories

Your bowes and shaftes prepared do make  
To shoothe therat incontinent,  
And who so pearceth deepest in,  
The same I deeme by myne assent,  
Bothe regal croune and realme shall win.

All fowre sonnes hereto did agree,  
The buried corps and take from ground,  
Thet binde it faste unto a tree:  
Eche one to giue his deepest wounde.  
The first the kyngs right hande did hitte,  
Wherfore it was awardeed fitte.  
That he as onely heire and Lorde,  
Of Fathers lande proclaimed should bee,  
The secondes shafte with fleshe begoyde,  
Through fathers mouthe did perce truly  
Wherfore to haue the soueraigne swaie,  
And cheef rule of his Fathers lande,  
More certainly he ought thei saie,  
Of twaine the firmer lot to stande.

The thirde his harte did penitratre,  
By reason whereof thought it was,  
That he without strife or debate:  
Should chesly rule in Fathers place,  
But when the fourth sonne should prepare,  
To shoothe he shrikte with wofull care.  
Cryng alacke this lucklesse daie,

for Christian Recration.

I doe lament, heare thus to see,  
Thy corps oh Father can he saie,  
Of thy sonnes wounded now to bee.

The Goddes defende that liue or deade,  
My Fathers corps, I perishe shold:  
This saied, hym in his Fathers stade,  
To raigne as Kyng the nobles wold,

The other thre sonnes were dismiss,  
From all and euery rule or swaie,  
They muse no longer now desist,  
The Morall hereof to displaie.

This Kyng wise noble and wealthie,  
To Iesus Christe compared maie bee:

Moralization.

Whiche did mankinde his spouse ordaine,  
But she in tyme did violate:  
The sacred bedde with whoredomes stainc,  
After straunge Goddes amiscrate.  
Onceiued and brought forthe sonnes three,  
Pagants, Iues and Papiste secte:  
Hereof the first did wounde truely,  
The Kinges right hande with shaft infecte.

He thei(Christes doctrine whiche doth sit,  
At right hande of his Father deare:) d  
d quite forsake his seruaunts smite,  
With sondrie woundes vpon yearth heare.

As

*Certain select histories*

As persecutyng Pagans fell,  
Enemies to Christe and his Gospell.

The seconde sonne eke putatiue,  
The Kyng of Kynges more deepeley perst,  
When as the Iewes to hym did giue,  
Vineger and Gall to quenche his thirst.

The thirde moste wicked sonne of three,  
With poysoned shafte did nothyng spare:  
To wound Christes harte the King most hic,  
The Papists doe this sonne declare.

While thei doe striue with might and maine,  
Christes faithfull flocke on yearth to quell:  
Which shoulde one corps and soule containe  
In frutes,in frutes of the Gospell.

How haue thei whet their arrowes sharpe,  
To pearce Christes & his members harte.

The fourthe sonne now define I thus,  
That wailde and would not shoote at all:  
Because he sawe so mischeuous,  
Pretence offonnes vnnaturall.

Eche Christian true the fourth sonne is,  
Whiche feareth God and would none ill:  
If he doe ill,to sacrifice,  
In righteousnesse he hath good will.

Suche a one my songe doeth signific,

*for Christian Recration.*

In sacred throne celestiall:  
Shall raigne with Christe in Maiestie,  
At the laste daie Iudicall.  
For whiche in faithe and feare letts praie,  
That Christe from ill preserue vs maie.

And as we subiectes all are bounde,  
For our noble Queene Elizabeth:  
Our praiers to God with ioyfull sounde,  
Let vs direcke, in health and wealth.  
That it would please the Kyng of Kynges,  
Christe our anker, marke, and staye;  
Her to preserue in all good thyngs,  
And prosper vs her subiectes aye:

*Finis.*

*The Argument.*

The life present procureth either fauour, and  
grace at the handes of God, if we retourne in  
tyme, either els neglectyng tyme, purchaseth  
vs his heauie indingnation, bothe now and  
in the worlde to come.

To the tune of Beckingham's Galliarde.

**Y**E sacred Nymphes of Hellicon,  
By Ioues almighty decree:  
Touchesafe once more to looke vpon,  
This fourth solemnnitie.

*Caliope*

Certain select histories

Caliope with thy chryssall voyce my Musick  
From ioyfull harte with (aduuate,  
Thākfull mouth, Chrysse birth to celebrate  
In tyme to watche, in tyme to wake,  
While candle lastes to come,  
Upon this theame, I here doe make,  
This admonition,  
Tyme let vs spende, well till the ende,  
Of howre glasse bee our runne.

Liae here must wee in full pretence,  
To giue no libertie:  
To synne by will or negligence,  
Our light to dampnifie.

As Alexander sometyme kyng of  
Macedonia lande:

Decreed in Courte a Candle shoulde  
Bee light and buryng stande,  
And sent his Heraldes to eche place,  
And coaste where he bare swaie:  
With trumpetts blast, his will to blase,  
To subiects all, That they  
Which had transgrest, shoule come in prest  
To Courte without delaie,

If any subiecte had transgrest  
Gainst Alexander kyng,

for Christian Recration.

Let hym appere, his case redress,

Should bee in eche suche thyng.

So that before the kyng he came,

Whiles candle lighs did castes,

And if he carried paste that tyme,

His labour was but waste.

And who souer had done offence,

And came not in duetyme,

To hym plaine deach for negligence,

The kyng's will did assigne,

Of better and woorse, some had recourse,

To th courte gylte of crime.

The storie telles a nomber greate,

Appeare before the kyng:

The Candle castyng light and heate,

Had pardon for eche thyng.

A nomber greate there were also,

To come at all refused,

On those the kyng the penaunce,

Without redemption vsed,

And some that while the Candle burnide,

In comynge staid so longe:

The Candle out, that theretournde,

With woe and walyng souge,

We Christians here how to appere,

Eche one maie learnē emong.

Certain select histories  
g The Moralization.

**C**hriste is this *Alexander Kyng,*  
That swaies the sacred sworde:  
We subiectes his here all liuyng,  
If wee doe feare this Lorde.

As he is fauourable, and with  
Mercie full replete:  
So mercifull doeth he appeare,  
To syngers small and greate.  
Not limityng a tymē onely,  
Of life to mortall men,  
But lends vs sacred lorc, whereby  
He maic our hertes lighter,  
With Candle light of deuine might,  
Let vs take due tyme then,

And let vs come when Christe, doeth call  
While Candle light doeth last,  
Then pardon we procure vs shall,  
Before the tyme bee past.  
So shall we blessed light enioye,  
And Christes pardon aye:  
And feare no worldly foes annoyne,  
That would seeke our decaie.  
With humble faithfull Englishe harte,  
To Christe pracie we etche one,

Our

*for Christian Recreation.*

Our roiall Queene for to imparte:  
His blessed light vpon:  
nd vs to stande with lamps in hande,  
By hym in ioyfull throne.

*Finis.*



*The Argument.*

Mannes life is likened to a continuall warfare,  
and conflicte with Sathan. The Serpente and  
the Tode fightyng together, the Serpente be-  
yng reserued by helpe of man, sheweth ex-  
ample of gratitude. The Tode that sought tho  
Serpentes destruction, hath in fine his due  
guardon.

To the tune of *Flearyng fancie*, syngynge the  
iij. and v. line of euery verse alike.

O encrease in Christe our comfort still,  
Reuailed vs by sondrie meanes,  
Though scripture fraught with sacred skill,  
Doe farre surmount all humane dreames  
mongst a sorte of pithie theames,  
This prophane storie merits praise,  
Christes cobate & conquest which bewraies.

Cesar Augustus liuyng than,  
A noble knight his subiect was:  
I valiaunt worthie gentleman,  
Who ridyng once as he did passe,

B.i.

A

Certaine select histories

A Forest through by happe alasse,

A Tode with Serpent fighcyng same,  
Eche others bloud deadly to drawe.

With tried force a tyme foughht thei,

The Tode hauyng the masterie,  
This gentle knight did straight assaie,  
In Serpents quarell happe to trie.

Wounded the same Tode greususlie,  
But not without a mortall wounde,  
Hym self escaped and fled the grounde.

The Serpent also thence did flee,

And when in place this woxthie knight,  
Alone thought besse his wounde to see,  
From stately steede alacke did light.  
His inwurde partes with poysondight,  
He founde where did increase his greef,  
And homewards rides to haue releef.

Where long tyme languishyng in paine,

So that his will and Testament:  
For to bee made, he did ordaine,  
Prepared to dye incontinent,  
Yet when as by the fire feruent,  
For comfort further laied he was,  
And that dispaire in hym had place.

Euen

*for Christian Recreation.*

Euen then beholde the Serpent late,  
In whose defence this greef he caught,  
Was entered in at this knights gate,  
And seen by seruants, straight thei sought  
To shewe their maister thinkyng nought,  
Of suche a happe then did he will,  
The Serpent should be brought hym till,

The knight when he the Serpent sawe,  
The same it was did well agnise,  
In whose defence through ouerthawe,  
Hym self to feight did enterprise,  
Against the Code though ieoperdies,  
Of death thereby his life purswed,  
Yet as he was with witte endewed.

Commaunded all his seruaunts there,  
That thei should not the Serpent noye,  
Saiyng, daunger none I feare,  
He will me doe but rather ioye.  
The Serpent then did hym employe,  
In open presence them emong,  
To sucke the poysone with his tong,

Wherof takyng facietie,  
Out of the house forthwith he ran,  
And purged his stomacke presently,  
Of poysone in hym taken than,

Certaine select histories

And to the wounde a freshe he came,  
Sixe tyme by course till he did boide,  
The poison suckt, the knight emploide.

Hym self Milke to administrate,  
Unto the Serpent, then beholde,  
The Tode entered the knight's gate,  
Whiche late with poison deade and colde,  
Did wounde this courteous knight so bolde  
In purpose came aduenged to bee,  
Of knight and Serpent presently.

The knight when as he hereof hearde,  
Unto his seruaunts all did saie,  
Sirs nought dismaye be not afarde,  
This is the Tode without all naie,  
Whom I did wounde this other daie,  
In defence of this Serpent heare,  
For whose sake eke my wounde I beare.

So that I will if this Serpent,  
By any meanes my healthe restore,  
He shall escape incontinent,  
And if you loue my life therefore,  
This Tode destroye withouten more,  
The seruaunts hearing what he saied,  
With swordes & staves on Tode then laied.

By

*for Christian Recration.*

By meanes whereof the Tode thei kilde,  
The Serpent hereat ioyfull was,  
And thankfully his due fulfilde,  
As gratefull, and touchyng the case,  
Tourned aboute his feete apace,  
Where thus departyng this Serpent,  
The knight was healed incontinent.

*The Moralization.*

**T**He morall hereof to definc,  
First the Emperour here comparde,  
To our heauenlie Father we assignc,  
The same of duetic best referde,  
The Knight olso whereof you heard,  
Our Sauiour Iesus Christe doeth meane,  
The Tode declares Sathan certaine.

The Serpent man is termed well,  
First for the poysone of his synne,  
Next for the medicen to expell,  
Poysone receiued hym self within,  
As for Christes Image eke in hym,  
For man against the Deuill ought feight,  
To vanquishe hym by deuine sleight.

Because there is none other wight,  
But thou oh Christe our Sauiour,

*Certain select histories*

Whiche in defence of man doeth fight,  
Against Sathan the Tode therefore,  
When mankinde was through synne forlore,  
Christe fought for vs against Sathan,  
And in our right hym ouercame.

Albeit not in one place onely,  
He wounded was but sondrie greef,  
Aswell in hym self feele did he.  
As in his members greate mischiesse,  
He suffered doen for their reliefe,  
Man if thou be thankfull therefore,  
Haue Serpents helpe for him in store.

That is to saie, thou oughtest vizite,  
Christe in his members grecued here,  
In pouertie or other plight,  
Miserable if it appere,  
Them to releeue as needes require:  
And what thou so doest vnto them,  
Take it for well rendred againe.

But if the Tode retourne doe make,  
After firsle fight harine to renewe,  
In Christe to thee then courage take,  
And seeke the meanes hym to subdewe,  
Then certain'y eche firme vertue,  
In Baptisme firsle receiuued by thee,

*Obserued*

*for Christian Recreation.*

Obserued shall bryng full remedie.

So shalt thou Sathan vanquishē quite,  
And purchace peace perpetuall,  
Of bodie and soule with Angells bright,  
In perren ioyes celestiall,  
Whiche to enioye God graunt vs all,  
That after our combate yearthly here,  
Conquerours with Christe we maie appere.

*Finis.*

*The argument.*

Mannes life is a waifaryng or trauillyng . To  
finde forthe three felicitieſ , but inſteade of  
gropynge for the ſweete , here we taſte of the  
ſower , neither attaine wee our deſired porte  
of reſt in thiſ life, but in the worlde to come.

To the tune of the *Sturdie rocke*, ſyngynge  
the *iiii.* and *v.* line of euery verſe alike.

**R**Eſigne now Muses all your moine,  
To me amased ſillie wight,  
Which wanderyng long, & far haue  
Uoide of releef, reſt and delight, (gone,  
Doe comfort myne enſebled ſpirite,  
Forced in verſe to verifie,  
No ioye on yearth of certaintie.

*Certain select histories*

I reade Ganterus so by name,

Did wishe a place of endlesse ioye,  
Wh'en on a daie to passe it came,

Earely to walke he did emploie,  
And so farre went without anoie,

Till he entred a lande into,  
Whose kyng deceast but lately tho.

It chauiced there after shorte tyme,

The Nobles had intelligence,

Of his manhoode, and doe encline,

Their councells all with diligence,  
Hym as their Prince of excellencie,

To chuse in royall seate to raigne,  
Wherat Ganterus ioyed certaine.

The night come on his seruaunts weighe,

With due attendaunce in degree,

And brought hym to a chamber streight,

Wher stooode a bedde bedect richely,  
At the heade whereof he then did see,

A Lyon laied, and at the foote,

A Dragon dreadfully whiche lookt.

Upon the right side of that bed,

An vglie Beare was couched lowe,

And on the lefste side, downe were laid,

Serpents and Todes iu lothsome shewe,

Hereat

for Christian Recration.

Hereat Ganterus masde, would knowe,  
Of those his seruaunts then present,  
What by these strange beasts here was met.

Saiyng, is this bed ordained me,  
Yea soueraigne Lorde thei aunswerde so,  
For tofore this our kynges truely,  
Here lodged and died long agoe,  
Devoured by these beasts here loe,  
Hereat Ganterus grudgyng saied,  
This I mislike all ill apaied.

Your kyng will I not be therfore,  
And so departed from that place,  
Ariuyng to an other shore,  
Where eke to rule he chosen was,  
The night approchte, then in like case,  
He was conducte to take his rest,  
Where was a bed with sharpe swords drest.

Wherewithal he castynge vp his eyes,  
Demaundered if he shold lye there,  
Yea Lorde, eche seruant certefies,  
Our kyngs in this bed lodged were,  
Bereft and are of life so deare,  
Saieth he all sauve this likes me well,  
Your kyng to be I list nought well.

Yet

Certain select histories

Yet tariyng in those coastes that night,  
No soner was Aurora seene,  
But he preparde in pensiue plight,  
To leauue that lande and Lordship cleene,  
And languishyng three daies in teene,  
At length it was his lucke to spie,  
An olde man in the waie to lye.

This olde man had in his right hande,  
A stafte, and seyng Ganterus come,  
Required of hym to vnderstande,  
Whence, and whither he woulde in somme  
And who he was to giue reason,  
I come from countrees farre saieth he,  
My name Ganterus hight truely.

And whether saieth the olde man tho,  
Doest thou intende to take thy waie,  
Ganterus saied, I must now go,  
Three thynges to finde, whiche I ne maie,  
What three bee those cholde man can saie,  
Ganterus aunswered his request,  
Thus as to hym it seemed best.

The first abundance without want,  
The seconde ioye without distresse,  
The thirde is light not annoyant,  
With ircksome and lochsome darknesse,

The

for Christian Recreation

The olde man heard him thus expresse,  
And saied my frende, this staffe doe take,  
By this waie straight thy iourney make.

Then shalt thou see before thy face,  
A hill bothe tedious, huge and highe,  
Toch toppe whereof is a foote pace,  
Whiche doeth contain vii. steppes onely,  
Upon the same thy trauell trye,  
And when toch toppe thou doest attaine,  
Thou shalt beholde, and see there plaine.

A Pallace princely edified,  
There rest, and ere thou further trie,  
With staffe at gate three tymes applied,  
Doe knocke. The Porter by and by,  
Will aunswere thee, and then pardie,  
She we hym this staffe, and saie to hym,  
That I doe craue thyne enteraunce in,

And if he then graunt thee ingresse,  
There shalt thou finde thy hartes desire,  
Then Ganterus did so doubtlesse,  
As he was willed of this olde sier,  
And to the Porter commyng nier,  
His staffe once seen, received he was,  
Where he found all thyngs brought to pas.

*Certain select histories*  
*'g The Moralization.*

**E**xplane now must the meanyng here,  
Who this *Ganterus* called maie bee,  
Eche Christian good maie well appere,  
Like to *Ganterus*,whiche simplie,  
Despiseth worldly vanitic,  
And is from tyme to tyme enclinde,  
These three thyngs to seeke for and finde;

The firste abundance as is saied,  
Withouten want or penurie,  
The seconde,ioye nothyng delaied,  
The thirde light from all darknesse free,  
And these obtained can not bee,  
But in the life of lastyng ioye,  
Our toyle thereto we must employe.

**O**man therefore like iourney make,  
With *Ganterus* for three daies space,  
By Praier first doe vndertake,  
By Fastynge nexte, this pilgremes race.  
Thirdlie, by Almose in any case,  
These three daies trauell till thou come,  
Vnto the first supposed Kyngdome.

Some mundaine ioyes there shalt thou finde  
And people thee to intertaine,

There

*for Christian Recration.*

There worldly pleasures are enclinde,  
To chuse thee, as a prince to raigne,  
Puffynge thy harte with pride annoyde,  
But looke about thy chamber well,  
There stands a bedde, its death to tell,

This bed mans life is likened to,  
Where in a short tyme he doeth lye,  
Neare to whiche lurcks a Lyon lo,  
Sathan, against vs his force to trye,  
A Dragon eke wee shall espye.  
And by hym coucht an vgly Beare,  
Whiche waite( as death)on vs echewhere,

Todes and Serpents there also are,  
Thone showes, mannes giltie conscience,  
The other doeth his synnes declare,  
To accuse and condempne negligence,  
Of these hauyng intelligence,  
Wee maie doe well quicke spede to make,  
This worlde our Kyngdome to forsake.

Then come wee to the seconde lande.  
Where carnall pleasures beare the swaie,  
(To whom consentyng) out of hande,  
Sonnes of perdition vs make thei,  
Then to our chamber takynge our waie,  
Letts looke to th bed, there shall we see,

*The*

*Certain select histories*

The same euen hell it self to bee.

The sharpe swordes there doe represent,  
(For carelesse gluttons carle) preparde,  
Who tastes in hell endlesse torment,  
To late repentyng afterwarde,  
The handlyng of poore Christe so harde,  
If wee well waie this lodgyng place,  
Haste vs from carnall Kyngdome apace.

Then if wee will further to trie,  
These three thynges wee desire to finde,  
Letts walke on till tholde man wee espie,  
Euen Iesus Christe guide of mankinde,  
With staffe of faithe for vs assignde,  
To giue vs that repentannce pure,  
Whiche had) shall our desires procure.

The foote pace then wee maie ascende,  
Whiche leadeth vs to life sincere,  
Seuen stepps it hath, if we pretende,  
To finde those three we sought weleare,  
Goe we vp these stepps (whiche appere,  
The woorkes of mercie seuen to bee,  
Our desires then obtaine shall wee.

These shall conduce vs to that place,  
Whiche wee looke for. But comming than  
Toth

*for Christian Recreation.*

To th gate where is all this sollace,  
We must knocke thrise with staffe in hand  
That is, thus muche to vnderstande,  
C<sub>on</sub>trition, Confession and satisfisance,  
Must then helpe vs in thenteraunce.

The Porter then to vs will stepp,  
Gods deuine goodnesse doeth he meane,  
Who after this our trauell greate,  
Thus furnisht will not vs disdaine,  
But gladlie vs will entertaine,  
In wealth withouten want, in ioye,  
And light, that last voide of all noye.

For whiche the Lorde in mercie guide,  
Our goyngs and doyngs to directe,  
That from his feare we never slide,  
But that to our steps we so respekte,  
That his gracious gates we maie amplecte,  
And with Christe entertained bee,  
To rest in endlesse felicitie.

*Finis.*

*Printed by J. M. for the Author.*

Certain select histories

The constaunte course in spirituall combate  
and turneiment of eche faithfull Christian,  
against Antechrist our malignant aduersarie  
obtaineth in fine condigne rewarde of tran-  
quile felicie in this worlde, and in the worlde  
to come, perpetuall felicities inspeakeable.

To the tune of *Iocundarie.*

Marche now my muse w[m] martiall might,  
In spirituall combate conqueryng:  
Condigne rewarde doeth euer light,  
On verteous worthie trauellyng.

Declare of Adonias kyng,  
That pretie Historie,  
In wealth who sometyme florishyng:  
Delighted muche to see,  
His knights at tourney practisyng,  
The feates of cheualrie.

It happened that vpon a daie,  
By proclamation made there:  
His knights in armour should araine,  
Them selues eche with shield and spere.

Then by decree he did ordaine,  
What knight so euer could,  
Vpon self with prowes best demaine,  
Haue worthie hier he should:

This

for Christian Recreacion.

This knowne of knyghts a noble traine,  
Came tourney for to holde.

The daie of their appearaunce come,  
And their assembly made so:

The kyng did will of those knyghts some,  
In one parte should aside go.

The other halfe of them theare,  
He made them selues deuide,

The first parte chosen streight to beare,  
Their armour did prouide:

To lait in place of purpose wheare,  
The tourney should bee tride.

Then gaue the kyng commaundement,  
Who on the parte contrary:

With speare to doe his best was bent,  
To touche, awaie take, and carry.

The armour so that dounie was laied,  
The owner thereof presently,

Out of the troupe should be conuaied:  
To tourney with his enemie,

And for the purpose was a maied,  
Ordained to arme hym redily.



hat daen encounter should her knyght,  
Gainst hym that toucht the armour late,

C. i. Whom

Certaine select histories.

Whom if he foilde or put to flight,  
That daie he shold bee decorate.

With royall croune and placed bee,  
At table with the kyng,  
A certaine knight with valiancie:  
Conditions these hearyng,  
With diligence about lookte hce,  
Euery shielde beholdyng.

Emongst them all he marked one,  
With apples three gilt garnisht:  
In greate desire that shielde alone,  
His grcedie mynde had rauisht.

And that same shield he toucht with spere,  
Straight waie the other knight,  
Who ought it, of the maide there:  
Did make hym self bee dight,  
And entereth listes withouten feare,  
Against the other wight.

In tourney whiche loe he that ought,  
The armour toucht by prowesse,  
Behaded hym that so had sought,  
To carry awaie his harnessse.

And as the kyng commaunded it,  
Of late the conquerour,





